EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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DREAMING.

WHAT, think you, is Cinderella dreaming about? May we not suppose that she is wishing some good fairy would come, dress her in handsome clothes, and send her in a splendid coach to the Prince's ball? That is what the story says actually happened to her. But it is only in stories that wishes become carriages, and beggars take a drive. In real life the fairies that help us along are such homely virtues as Industry and Patience and Perseverance.

Our Cinderella, however, dreamed, we may be sure, of other things than selfish pleasures. For when her fondest wish was granted, and she found herself "the observed of all observers" in the King's palace, she sought out the sisters who had been so unkind to her at home, and did all she could to make them happy.

But children need not wait to become grand ladies and gentlemen before they love their enemies and show kindness to their persecutors. By the fireside of the humblest home, at school, in the street, wherever children meet, — *there* is the place to say the kind word and do the generous act. If we dream of these golden deeds, our dreams may become true without any fairy godmother to open a palace for us in which to act a noble part.

SUNSHINE BANK.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

IT was a rainy Saturday. Florence Fay was sitting by the library window watching the big drops chase each other down the long panes. Small streams of water were running races on the sidewalk, and a regular Niagara was pouring over the curbstone into the gutter.

Florence was not enjoying the prospect. Her face wore a very injured expression, and she was spitefully tearing off little bits from the morning paper, as if that were responsible for her ill-feeling.

"I think it is too bad," she said, as her mother came into the room, "that it must always rain on Saturday, and when Aunt Emily is here, too. I wanted to go down town with her this morning to put the money Uncle Ben sent me in the Savings' Bank. Auntie said they would give me a bank-book with my name on it, and then I would be a depositor. Mamie Soule has one already. Her father gave her ten dollars as much as a month ago to put in. And now I can't go until next Saturday, and Auntie will be gone then. Just hear it pour, pour, pour, as if it were glad to keep me in all this dull day."

"Suppose we have a bank at home," said Mrs. Fay, brightly. "I will be the cashier, and you shall be a depositor in my bank. I will warrant you it won't fail. Perhaps we shan't have a dull day at all."

"I don't know what you mean," said Florence, discontentedly. "I don't see any prospect of anything but rain."

"You must not sit and look at the rain any longer," said her mother, firmly. "You only make yourself miserable. Run upstairs to my desk, and bring me down some little blank-books you will find inside."

Florence obeyed slowly. She came back with some bright, red-covered books in her hand. Her face brightened a little, as her mother pasted a bit of white paper on the outside of one and wrote in large letters, "SUNSHINE BANK," and underneath, "Incorporated January, 1886."

"What does *incorporated* mean?" asked Florence, as she spelled the long word.

"It means brought into existence or established," replied Mrs. Fay. "Now we must make a constitution and by-laws for our institution. You may write in your best, round hand, and I will tell you what to say."

Florence began to look interested as she took a pen and seated herself at the library table. "It's one of your funny ideas," she said. "Well, I am ready."

"'The object of this institution is to further the laying up of supplies of sunshine for rainy days,'" dictated Mrs. Fay, slowly. "'The capital stock of the company is sunshine and happiness unlimited, invested all over the world. Records of pleasant, sunny acts, which increase the store of sunshine in the world are received as deposits. Deposits are received daily, and all transactions are to be entered on the books of the depositors. Dividends declared on rainy Saturdays.'"

"What does *dividend* mean?" interrupted Florence.

"A dividend is the sum a stockholder receives as his share of the interest which the bank stock has gained," explained her mother. "In this case the dividend will be some pleasure or treat which I shall give as a return for the self-denial and generosity which the bank-books record. Now you may write the by-laws: —

"'1. No person over fifteen years of age will be admitted as stockholder or depositor in this company.'"

"Why is that?" asked Florence, looking up.

"We don't want our company too large," said Mrs. Fay, with a smile; "and I could not afford to pay the dividends. Now write again: —

"'2. No deposit will be received from any one who has scowled, or whined, or fretted during the day.

"'3. No dividend will be declared until at least ten transactions have been entered on the depositor's book.'

"And that is all," added Mrs. Fay, "except to write a list of officers. I have made one for you to copy."

Florence laughed quite unconsciously as she read: —

"'*President*, — GOOD CHEER.

"'*Trustees*, — KINDNESS, HELPFULNESS, FRIENDLINESS, HAPPINESS.'

"Let's put down Smilingness too," said Florence. "I do like to see people look smiling."

"So do I," her mother said warmly, adding, "You must put your own name at the top of the next blank page if you wish to be a shareholder in the bank; and then suppose you run up to little sister and explain the matter to her, and ask if she would like to join us. If so, you can copy another book for her. When Melvin comes home, we will try and interest him in taking some stock; then we shall have a good start."

Little Dora was only too happy to do anything which Flossie did. The forenoon slipped away so pleasantly in making the two books, that Florence could hardly believe it was one o'clock when the lunch-bell rang.

Boylike, Melvin was rather disposed to treat the affair somewhat scornfully at first, as fit only for girls; but when Florence read the clause about dividends, he stopped her and said, —

"I say, what does that let a fellow in for? If it is anything good, I'm with you. I'd like to find out about this dividend business."

"What is it, Mamma?" asked Dora.

"Oh, that is my secret," said Mrs. Fay. "It won't always be the same, and it will depend on circumstances."

"I might as well join, I suppose," said Melvin, carelessly. "I'm in for all the good times. Only I expect you will beat me hollow on the deposits."

"I don't know," replied Florence. "You don't fuss and fret, and I can't help doing so."

"That sounds like giving up to Can't," said Mrs. Fay. "He is not a member of the Sunshine Company. If you keep your eyes and ears and mind wide open to find chances for making sunshine, your heart will be so happy that you will never think of complaining. I shall hope to see a long list of good deeds on the first rainy holiday."

"I wonder what it will be," said Melvin, curiously, — "seed-cookies or molasses taffy."

"You have to put down at least ten things on your book," said little Dora, "or you won't get anything."

"Well, I suppose I could manage to do ten decent things on a pinch, don't you, sis?" said her brother. "I might buy each of your dolls a satin dress for instance. That would count — let me see — how many are there, thirty-nine, or was our last forty? It would take a whole month's pocket-money. I could n't do it, sis."

"Why, Mellie, I have n't but five," interposed the little girl. "There 's only Amy and Sylvia — "

"And Angelina Seraphina, Sophia Maria Iphigenia, Dorothea Alethea, and a few others," interrupted Melvin, mockingly.

"Maybe we ought to put teasing in with fretting," said Mrs. Fay, seeing the troubled look in Dora's eyes.

"Oh, I did n't know it would hurt your feelings," said Melvin. "I will go right upstairs and beg all their pardons, and then we will play bear in the nursery."

This proposal was received with so much glee, that Melvin's investment in sunshine stock began then and there, and he made the first entry in his book.

The three sunbeam gatherers became so eager in their work that when two or three weeks had passed by, they grew very anxious for a rainy Saturday.

"It seems funny to want it to rain on Saturday," said Florence, "but I 'm dreadfully curious to know what Mamma is going to do."

"And I want to read my book," said little Dora. "I 've got ever so many things in it."

"Ho! girls never know how to wait," said Melvin, grandly. "I don't care a button whether it rains or not."

But the very next Saturday, when Florence came down to breakfast, she found Melvin standing with his nose flattened against the window-pane, anxiously watching certain black clouds which were scudding over the sky.

"Looks as if we might get some rain," he said, in an unconcerned tone as he came to the table.

"Yes," said his mother, "you may bring out your books after breakfast."

Dora clapped her hands, and the older children looked so pleased that Mr. Fay said: "I don't believe there will be a run on the bank to-day. The depositors seem satisfied with their investments. I should like to invest something myself."

"Oh, you are too old, Papa," cried Dora. "Nobody over fifteen years the By-laws say."

"I suppose the weight of my years might break the bank," said Mr. Fay, laughing. "Well, I 'm glad to see a little inside sun on a cloudy day."

If you had been in the library a little later, and had been made invisible in some way, so that you might peep over Florence's shoulder without being rude, you would have seen something like this written in her bank-book: —

"*October* 28. I took Dora into the park this afternoon and played tag with her, instead of going to walk with the girls. It made her happy all the afternoon.

"I wiped the silver after dinner, so Maria could go out earlier to see her sister.

"*October* 29. I let Mamie Soule wear my coral bracelets all through school.

"*October* 30. I dusted Mamma's room and wrote her housekeeping accounts for her because her head ached.

"I did not scold a bit when Dora dropped the teapot of my best set and broke it.

"*November* 1. I marched with Julia Ropes to-day in calisthenics, because nobody else likes her or wants to go with her."

And so the list went on.

"The days that are left out are when I fretted about something," Florence explained. "I forgot a good many days."

Melvin's list was even longer. It began: —

"*October* 26. Played bear with Dora and made her laugh.

"*October* 27. Went to Sunday-school, and gave the money Uncle Ben sent me for a singing top to buy boots for a poor boy whose toes are out.

"*October* 28. Brought up a coal-hod, and carried out the ashes for the cook because her side is lame.

"I gave a corn-ball I had just bought to a little chap in the street, who looked hungry.

"*October* 30. I ran off with a cat the fellows were chasing, and hid it in our back-yard. The poor thing rubbed against me and purred to say 'thank you.'

"I helped the grocer's boy pick up a basket of apples which he had spilled."

There were many more records of little kindly acts, and even little Dora had found many ways of making sunshine for somebody.

"You have had to wait so long this time and have done so well," said Mrs. Fay, "that the dividends will be larger than they will usually be. The cashier will be ready to settle accounts in the playroom about twelve o'clock."

"I wonder what it is," speculated Melvin. "Don't seem as if I could wait."

"Ho! boys never know how to wait," quoted Florence, scornfully.

Melvin reddened, and said hastily, —

"I believe I 'll go over and get Dick Forbes to come and see the fun."

Promptly at noon the two boys appeared in the playroom door. Florence and Dora were sitting on the floor in front of a wonderful baby-house.

"Oh, Mellie," called Dora, excitedly, "just come and see this baby-house."

"It 's just like Mamie Soule's," cried Florence, "only nicer."

"And it has real stairs, and doors with hinges, and curtains that go up and down," chimed in Dora, "and a piano in the parlor, and — "

"Oh, I say," interrupted Melvin, as he bounded off to a corner of the room, "if here is n't that carpenter's bench and tool-chest I 've been teasing for ever since last winter. I did n't expect to get it though, not until Christmas any way."

"My eyes!" said Dick Forbes, "it 's a fine one though. You are a lucky fellow. I wish somebody would start the banking business at our house."

"Let 's make a sail-boat," cried Melvin, eagerly. "Here 's a heap of small boards."

"And do make a kitchen table for the baby-house," pleaded Dora.

"Oh, anything," said Melvin, good-naturedly. "I 'm so glad I 'd do anything."

There were happy faces at dinner that night.

"I 'm glad I invested in the Sunshine Bank," said Melvin. "That tool-chest goes ahead of everything."

"And I like rainy days better than any now," said little Dora, "because I can play all day with the doll-house."

"I 'm afraid such dividends will ruin the company," said Mr. Fay, laughing.

"I believe it pays without anything," said Florence, soberly. "Seems as if I felt happier days when I have something to write."

"I know," said Melvin, "how it feels, — sort of good and warm, as if the sunshine had got inside you."

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

(See picture on p. 85.)

No two pictures could be more unlike in what they suggest to us of human life than that on the outside of our paper — the Child's Day-dreams — and that on page 85, which we might call the Man's Night-thoughts. The young girl dropping her work lets her fancies rove till the homely kitchen becomes a royal palace, and she, the maid-of-all-work, is transformed to a noble lady fit to be the wife of a prince. In the other picture, the aged Rabbi sits on the house-roof in the dim light of the moon and the stars, and ponders with amazement the words that have been spoken to him by the young teacher from Nazareth. The child dreams that life is all beauty, but has little thought of the things which give to life all the beauty which is worth seeking. The man thinks of duty, but knows not that by merely keeping the letter of the law he has missed the "more excellent way" of love. "He that loveth," wrote the Apostle John, "is born of God and knoweth God." And Jesus told Nicodemus that to enter the Divine Kingdom one must be born from above, — that is, must have the loving heart, the spirit that makes a man a Son of the Highest and a Brother to every fellow-being. Much more was talked about in the evening's conversation on the house-roof in Jerusalem. But so much of that memorable dialogue we can all understand and take home to our hearts, — the lesson, namely, that a life of duty becomes a life of beauty, when every duty is done from love, and the heart is at one with God.

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

BY OBSERVER.

STANDING on Boston Common where thousands had come together to witness a balloon ascension, there gathered near the place where I stood a number of boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who by their coarse and profane language offended every one within hearing of their voices who loved purity and revered the holy names they blasphemed.

After a little while I observed a young lady quietly change places with another. Taking something from her pocket, and carrying her hand behind her, without turning her head, as if to avoid observation, she succeeded in pressing the object into the hand of one of these lads.

My curiosity was roused; and partially turning round to see what it was, I was able to read on a card, as the ring-leader held it up and the rest closed in around him, these words: —

"It grieves my heart to hear the Blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect! Your Maker now may stop your breath."

I marked the countenance of the young man as he put the card into his pocket, and clearly saw, in the changed expression of his face, that the arrow had hit the mark; that something had touched him somewhere in a tender place, — some waking memory, perhaps, some voice from the grave or whisper in the air; certainly some feeling which from that moment produced in him a quiet and respectful behavior.

Only God knows how great and lasting was the change.

It was strange, and I know not what happened to my eyes; but immediately a beautiful golden light, like the haze of a summer's noon, was seen encircling that young woman's head; and soon, as in a dissolving view, in the place where she was just now standing appeared an angel clothed in white.

Just then the ropes which held the balloon to the ground were unfastened, and amid the cheers of the multitude it rose majestically on the air, like a holy soul ascending to God.

She too was gone.

History and Biography.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

BY ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

LOUIS AGASSIZ was born May 28, 1807, at Motier, in Switzerland. When he was a little fellow he was very fond of all kinds of animals, and kept a great many pets in his father's yard behind the house. He had rabbits and hares, guinea-pigs, field-mice, birds, and so on. But above them all he prized his fishes, which he and a younger brother caught in Lake Morat and in the brooks, and kept in a great stone basin into which a spring of fresh water was always running. He was also fond of imitating mechanics in their work. He made nice little shoes for his sisters' dolls; he could sew like a tailor; and he made little play-barrels which were really water-tight. When he was ten years old he began to go to school, and at the age of nineteen went to the University. His father wanted him to be a physician like his dear grandfather Mayor, his mother's father; but Louis could not give up his study of fishes. When he was only twenty-two he published his first book about them. As soon as scientific men saw it, they said that the young man knew more about fishes than any one else in the world. But he also knew a great deal about other animals and about plants; and soon afterward he learned a great deal about the rocks and stones, and about the way that gravel, sand, and clay were made.

When he was thirty-nine years old, he came to live in America. Every one had honored him in Europe, and every one honored and loved him here. He died December 14, 1873, and a great stone was brought from Switzerland and placed over his grave in Mount Auburn.

An old fisherman gave me one day a very little scale from some kind of fish, and asked me to try whether Agassiz could tell what kind of fish it came from. The instant that he looked at it he said, "Tell the man it was from a sucker." And so it was. Agassiz could tell any fish in that way, from a single scale.

Men wondered at him because he knew so much; but they loved him because he was so pleasant, friendly, kind, and good. He was unselfish, true, pure, reverent. He would not speak ill of any one. There were two or three men who had behaved very badly toward him; yet he never said any hard thing against them, but seemed rather to pity them than to be angry with them. You could see by his face, you could hear in his tones of voice, you could perceive by his actions, that he was a good man, kind-hearted, religiously minded. That was the reason why people loved him.

Children especially loved him. He was fond of teaching, and was a good teacher, not only of young men and young women, but of little children. He was always very kind and friendly to young children. One Christmas day I saw a little girl six years old bring him a potato, in which her father had fixed wooden legs and tail; she brought it, and asked what kind of animal it was. "That, my dear, is a *potatotherium*," said he, smiling; and the child went away pleased and happy. When he was a young man he said in a letter to his father, "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen and a good son, beloved of those who knew him." He has his wish; that is exactly what is said of him.

Our Letter-Box.

We have something very unexpected in this number for our readers. It is a Christmas story. We print it because the writer tells us it is partly true; and we think it hints at something kind that she has had a hand in, — just such a kind thing as we once asked those who wrote for the Letter-Box to tell us of; something which will help make the world a happier and better place to live in.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1885.

Dear Mr. Editor, — My sisters and myself have much enjoyed reading your paper. I enclose a story for the little ones, the main facts of which are true; but I am not at all sure you will think it well enough written for the Every Other Sunday. I am fourteen years old. Yours respectfully,

Salina.

WINNIFRED'S FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"How will my Christmas-tree grow, Mamma, in the winter? Will it have some grass around it?" asked little Winnifred Mix.

She knew that Mamma was planning some wonderful thing called a "Christmas-tree," and she puzzled her little head much over it.

"You 'll see, Totty, when it is all ready, the day before Christmas; and, Winnifred, do you not want to give a present to Aunt Susie, a Christmas present?"

"Aunt Susie gave me my dishes," said Winnifred. "Yes, I want to give her a present because I love her; and I want to write a letter to her so she will know I send it."

"So you shall, Totty, and you may send her this little book," said Mrs. Mix, taking from her desk some dainty leaflets tied with ribbon and lettered with gold.

"That is *very* pretty. I think Aunt Susie will like it," said Winnifred.

"But here comes Mary with your supper, and I must go and see Papa."

It was just a week to Christmas, and during that time a great many mysterious bundles were slipped into Mamma's closet, and she said something to Johnson the colored coachman that made his dark face light up with a joyous smile as he thanked her.

The great day arrived, and so did Johnson's wife and little boy Tommy, and Mrs. O'Hara and her four children, their clean round faces beaming with delight as the whole party went down to the parlor.

The curtains were pushed aside, and "growing in a tub" stood a beautiful tree, ablaze with candles and loaded with presents.

It would be hard to tell which were the brightest, those candles or the dancing eyes of the happy children.

"Papa, is that doll for me?" asked Winnifred, having caught sight of a lovely one which seemed smiling at her from the tree.

"Yes, but first you must give away all the things that are for Tommy and Annie and the rest; I 'll take them down for you."

"But the dollie is mine?" And every few moments as she went back and forth distributing the gifts she cast a longing glance at the doll and repeated the question, "Is the doll for me?"

After the tree was despoiled of its ornaments the handsome dining-room was thrown open, and there they had a feast of good things on the dainty ware.

And when Winnifred was put to bed, her doll beside her where she could see it when she opened her blue eyes in the morning, other children not much older were rolling away in carriages to dance and talk and come home tired out late in the evening.

As the stars came out and the candles burned away in the dark, six happy children, one in a house on a long handsome avenue, and five in small houses on narrow streets, slept quietly, dreaming of the lovely tree and their splendid gifts.

CHARADE III.

A thing of air that 'tokens weariness or grief,
A title you can read on Quixote's every leaf, —
These two it takes to sound aloud my name,
A city on the coast where Jesus often came.

A STORY CHARADE.

My *first*, a boy, whose name you may have heard,
Sought out alone my *second* and my *third*.
When there, well sheltered from the breeze,
He built my *fourth* below the towering trees
My *fourth* ascended higher and yet higher,
Till to the skies above it seemèd to aspire.
When next *first* came to *second, third*,
A desolate place he found, no sound he heard;
There were no trees to tempt the breeze to play,
Alas! my *fourth* had swept them all away.

My whole you 'll find a Syrian town
That in this day finds some renown,
Because there early Christians few
Gathered to hear the doctrines new,
And though they were a people poor,
Kept faithfully that "open door."

CHARADE IV.

Upon my first they lay the dead.
A pronoun you have often read
My second is. My third you hear
When shepherds drive their flocks anear
My whole betrays a Syrian town
A Jewish saying gave renown.

HIDDEN CITIES AND TOWNS OF PALESTINE.

1. Pan, cure Ma.
2. O gilt ram head.
3. The bad Isa.
4. A sad scum.
5. Lag, Adam.
6. Sheer babe.
7. Is nod.
8. And.
9. Thy bean.
10. No herb.
11. A sea-race.
12. Rise a bit.
13. Papa, price his Elia.

ANSWER TO THREE-WORD BIBLE ENIGMA.

Shadrach. See Gen. xx. 12; 1 Kings, xi. 14–23; Matt. v. 22.

Meshach. See Gen. ix. 26; Josh. xv. 15–19.

Abednego. See Lev. x. 12; Ruth ix. 17; Josh. xviii. 24.

Answer to Enigma IV., "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. iv. 23.

All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes.

For Youngest Readers.

A LITTLE BOY.

BY REBECCA WELLS.

Perhaps the younger readers of Every Other Sunday, would like to hear about a little boy who lives not a great way from Boston. His name is William, and he is four years old. You have only to see him to love him, for he has one of the sweetest faces in the world.

Every morning as we old folks sit at breakfast, the first thing that is asked is, "Who is going up to bring the children down?" I say "children," for our little William has an older sister, whose deep brown eyes and auburn curls make a very lovely picture to our old eyes.

Now, William and his sister do not live with us, but up on the hill, where you get a view of the river that winds through the town and down under the bridge by the battle-ground. For many years ago a battle was fought at the foot of the very hill on which little William lives. So every morning some one of us drives old Dick up, and brings down the happiest pair of children you ever saw.

It usually happens that "Arma," as little William calls his Aunt Martha, is the one to go. Then the rest of us, with "Leezy" and "Nannie" (William's aunts Lizzie and Annie), remain at home, and are ready with out-stretched arms to welcome him when he calls out to us, as the carriage comes round the corner into the yard.

Now, little William has two dolls, and I cannot begin to tell you the pleasure he takes in them. They are funny dolls. I don't believe any little girl would be happy if she had no better ones than our little William has. One is made of an old sofa-pillow, with an old apron tied around it to make a head and dress at the same time. The other is a roll of cloth with a doll's dress on it. William calls them Fat Lady and Susan; and many an hour has the little fellow spent playing church with them, for that is his "best play" as he calls it. He is at those times minister, organist, and choir; while Fat Lady and Susan, with whomever else he can get to join his play, are the congregation. Sweet indeed are the notes he strikes on "Leezy's" piano, and sweeter still the notes of his own little voice as he sings. As the minister, he is very sober, and a laugh is never allowed.

One day it happened that "Leezy" drove him down; and when the time came to go home, he asked to have Fat Lady and Susan ride on the back of the carriage. "Leezy" objected, telling him she could not drive up through the town with Fat Lady and Susan on behind. The tears gathered in his eyes, and a great sob broke from his lips; then, seating himself on the steps, he looked into "Leezy's" face and said, "I sha' n't talk any more about it."

In a few moments his tears were all gone, and he was riding away out of the yard with a smile on his face, and a wave of his hand to Fat Lady and Susan as they lay on the doorstep.

Little William gave up a good deal, for it would have made him shout with joy to have had Fat Lady and Susan ride on the back of the carriage. He was very manly about it too. Do you not think it would be a wise way for us all to do when disappointments come, — to give up cheerfully even though there are tears in our eyes or in our hearts, and not to "talk any more about it"?

"Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?"

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou the teacher of Israel and understandeth not these things?"

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

HOW A BOY TURNED THE PAGES.

BY UNCLE HARRY.

In this column of Every Other Sunday we are trying to learn something from a few of the pages of the great Book of Nature. But it may help us to read these pages with more profit as well as with greater pleasure, if we notice how those who have gathered the most knowledge from this Book turned over its leaves. One of the greatest men of science in this century was Agassiz, the story of whose life is told on page 83 by one of his friends, who is also eminent in science as well as in the pulpit. Those who would like to know more about Agassiz will find the whole story of his noble and useful life most charmingly told in the lately published Memoir of him by Mrs. Agassiz. In this Memoir it is said that Agassiz's love of natural history showed itself almost from infancy.

"When a very little fellow he had, besides his collection of fishes, all sorts of pets, — birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, etc., — whose families he reared with the greatest care. Guided by his knowledge of the haunts and habits of fishes, he and his brother Auguste became the most adroit of young fishermen, using processes all their own and quite independent of hook, line, or net. Their hunting-grounds were the holes and crevices beneath the stones, or in the water-washed walls of the lake-shore. No such shelter was safe from their curious fingers; and they acquired such dexterity that when bathing *they could seize the fish even in the open water*, attracting them by little arts to which the fish submitted as to a kind of fascination."

As a boy, Louis also amused himself with all kinds of handicrafts on a small scale. When a very young lad "he could cut and put together a well-fitting pair of shoes for his sister's dolls, was no bad tailor, and could make a miniature barrel that was perfectly water-tight."

In later life Agassiz used to say that he owed much of his skill in handling objects to the training of eye and hand gained in these childish plays. How true in the case of Agassiz is the saying that "the boy is father of the man" may be further seen from his own sketch of the pursuits of his boyhood days: —

"At the age of fifteen I spent most of the time I could spare from classical and mathematical studies in hunting the neighboring woods and meadows for birds, insects, and land and fresh-water shells. My room became *a little menagerie*, while the stone-basin under the fountain in our yard was my reservoir for all the fishes I could catch. Indeed, collecting, fishing, and raising caterpillars from which I reared fresh, beautiful butterflies, were then my chief pastimes. What I know of the habits of the fresh-water fishes of Central Europe, I mostly learned at that time."

So we see that the great naturalist early learned about natural objects, not by reading what others had said about them, but by studying the objects themselves; and that by training his hands to do simple pieces of work half in play, he still further gained the power to turn the heavy pages in Nature's volume, from which he gathered so many facts and laws for the benefit of mankind.

What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

What is not doing to-day is not done to-morrow.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 10.

THE OLD CHESTNUT-TREE.

BY MARY E. N. HATHEWAY.

VERYBODY said the winter had been very severe, but the old Chestnut-tree that stood on the edge of the woods had been in a deep sleep the whole time, and did not know about anything that had happened. But when April came along and gave him a gentle shaking he began to wake up, and soon he was thoroughly aroused and looking abroad, enjoying the freshness of the new spring.

"How glad I am," he exclaimed, "that the weather is so fine, and everything so bright and cheerful. It will be a good season for work, and I shall be able to raise a plenty of nuts for my friends."

"Oh, ho!" answered the Pine that was standing near; "there you are again making merry over your work. I should think by this time you would like to rest."

"No, indeed," returned the Chestnut. "I hope I shall not have to rest for many a year yet. And how are you getting on, Neighbor Pine?"

"I am doing very well," said the Pine; "but I perceive that the winter has injured you considerably. One of your largest branches is gone, so that your form is now quite irregular."

"Yes," replied the Chestnut. "That branch had been decaying for several years, so I was not much surprised when I found that the winds had taken it off. But where the broken stump is there will be a snug hollow, by and by, for some squirrels to live in. There's no danger but they'll find it, and they'll have it packed full of nuts before the children think 't is time to gather them," and the old tree laughed heartily as he thought of the pleasure of the harvesting.

"Well," grumbled the Pine, "I am thankful that nobody disturbs my needles and cones, so I can have them all for my own use; and they are excellent to keep my roots warm through the cold weather. I have to attend to myself closely in order to grow as fast as I want to."

"These pleasant days are making everything grow, and I shall start my blossoms very soon," said the Chestnut, in a lively tone.

"Yes, this sunshiny weather is favorable for us all, and I feel as though I should gain a great deal this season," responded the Pine, with an air of satisfaction.

The spring passed away, and the summer came and went, bringing many changes to the woods and fields. The Chestnut put out his fringed blossoms, which after a time fell off leaving little green burrs, which grew steadily, giving promise of an abundant yield, and the heart of the old tree was full of contentment at the thought of having so much to give to others.

The Pine, meanwhile, was pushing his topmost branches into the air as high as he could, taking no notice of the world beneath him; and when autumn came and the other trees around were looking dry and faded, he stood covered still with his steadfast foliage towering in stately pride above all his companions.

About this time various parties came to visit the Chestnut, to see what were the prospects for the harvest. Troops of squirrels appeared and looked up and down on every side, anxious to know if their yearly allowance was to be depended upon. The hollow in the broken stump was soon discovered by a certain Madam Chipmunk, who immediately took possession of it, and thought herself extremely fortunate in finding a tenement so new and commodious.

A troop of children came also to take account of the treasure they expected to secure by and by, for they were as eager as the squirrels to lay up a supply of nuts for winter use. These children were accompanied by their grandfather, who though more than eighty years of age was still strong and active, and as ready for a frolic as any of the party.

"Ah, here 'll be a fine parcel for us," he exclaimed, as he noticed the quantity of burrs scattered over the branches. "This tree is getting to be pretty ancient like myself, but he 's a stout fellow, and he does n't mean to give up for a good while yet," — and as he spoke he struck the rough, gnarled trunk with his brass-pointed cane.

The old Chestnut responded with a hearty, "Ay! ay! ay!" after every stroke, to signify that he agreed with what had been said.

"Now we must be on hand when the first sharp frost comes," said the grandfather, "or the squirrels will get ahead of us. They won't neglect their business, and they can carry off a big pile of nuts in a short time."

One night during the following week the sharp frost came, and the next morning the air was filled with showers of falling leaves. Then the prickly burrs on the Chestnut began to drop and burst open, and soon he was surrounded by the little harvesters from the woods, who worked with the best speed they could till afternoon, when the children again arrived. Their appearance was a signal for the departure of the furry tribes, that hurried this way and that into the woods, where they lay concealed watching for an opportunity to return.

"Aha!" said the grandfather, as he saw the empty burrs on the ground, "I thought the squirrels would get the start of you youngsters. But 't is no more than fair that they should have the first chance, — they have a better right to such things than we have."

The boys were sure that they had a good right, too, and they quickly proceeded to climb into the branches. They knocked down the nuts that were still clinging to their stems, while the girls stayed on the ground and picked them up.

It was not long before every basket was filled, and they all went home much pleased with the result of their first day's harvesting. As soon as they left, the squirrels came back and gleaned so industriously that in a few hours every nut was gone.

"Well, I 'm very glad this confusion is ended," said the Pine, in a tone of complaint, as the evening shadows were settling down over the woods. "Now I hope we can have a little quiet and repose once more."

"It has been a happy day to me," replied the Chestnut. "Things have turned out remarkably well. Everybody who has come after my nuts has had a full supply, so there has been no disappointment in any direction. I have done my best, and I shall go to rest satisfied with my season's work."

"And so shall I," said the Pine. "I have made excellent progress during the summer. I can see over the tops of a great many tall trees; and another spring I shall start again and go on still higher."

"And I shall continue to work as long as I can," said the Chestnut. "That is the only enjoyment I can imagine for myself; but for you, I hope your ambition will be realized. And so, good-night, Neighbor Pine."

By and by the colder months came on, and the two trees stood locked in their wintry slumber, gaining strength for a new year. The Pine wrapped in his robe of solitary grandeur returned to the recollection of no one; but the squirrels housed away in their snug retreats, and the merry children by their bright fireside remembered with gratitude and affection the lowly service of the old Chestnut-tree.

A STUDY OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY CHARITY DYE.

[NOTE. — In this and a following paper a Western Sunday-school teacher will give the older readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY some helpful suggestions for the study of one of Tennyson's noblest "Idyls of the King." The poem, "The Holy Grail," is a beautiful commentary on one of Christ's Beatitudes; and the study of such imaginative literature, in which Christian teaching is clothed in ideal grace, is an excellent way of gaining fresh insight into familiar truths. — EDITOR.]

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PART I.

The Knight. — The Round Table. — The Perilous Seat. — The Grail, and the Legend of the Grail.

WHO does not delight in looking at this picture of the world imaged in the Round Table and its knights? It means more, when we think that to become a knight it took twenty-one years of apprenticeship.

The word *knight* means a servant, — one proved worthy by the doing of noble deeds. His service being done in arms, he was a servant-warrior; and when the spiritual requirements were fulfilled, he added the office of priest to that of servant and warrior.

The knight of Arthur's court gives us a different picture from the Grecian warrior. Here it was not enough to be as brave as Hector, as strong as Ajax, or as wise as Ulysses. He was in addition under a solemn oath to forget himself, and to help right the wrongs of the world by defending the helpless, by showing respect to superiors, by courtesy to equals, and justice to inferiors.

We fancy that a Knight of the Bath never forgot his solemn initiation, — the purifying bath, the white, red, and black garments, indicating purity, the blood to be shed for the right, and the nearness of death. Most impressive of all must have been the sacred oaths of the Order, which, after solitary fasting and prayer, the knight knelt before the priest at the altar and received. This was his dedication to the service of mankind, showing that through years of trial he had silently cherished the burning aspiration of devotion to right.

It is said that the knights of King Arthur's court renewed their oaths every year at the high feast of Pentecost. These knights found in the Round Table brotherhood a higher ideal to be reached than they had ever before met. The conquest demanded here was that of the spirit.

Merlin, the enchanter, made the Round Table and also the castle in which it belonged. This Round Table was a very significant figure. There was no head nor foot to it. Neither do we read of the salt-cellar separating the guests according to caste. There were no castes here. All within this circle represented democracy, foreshadowing that larger democracy seen in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," where the leper is glorified and the meanest have access to the castle halls.

It is the Perilous Seat that gives the Round Table order its especial characteristic. It stands forth as the representative of the ideal, and naturally suggests the enchanter's work. The truly ideal and the supernatural ever lie near each other. The Perilous Seat pointed to achievements that bravery alone could not attain. The conquests it demanded were to be made in the inner man. Purity and humility must be striven for. "Without fear" must be followed by "without reproach" in its requirements.

The Perilous Seat did not disappear when the Round Table was dissolved. It is still found in all circles and everywhere in life. It is not perilous to those who belong in it. The masters find their names already written on the back. It seems like the verdict of future ages against shams, which are ever perilous to the welfare of humanity.

The Holy Grail symbolizes what the Perilous Seat points to, — purity of heart and humility. Only those see it who possess those attributes. Its myth is well told in the poem. It disappeared when what it symbolized was attained. The symbol is not needed when its content becomes fully known.

The "Holy Grail" is decidedly the most interesting of the "Idyls of the King," because it contains a greater thought than any of the others. The Church and the State — the two essentials to a high civilization — are both herein pictured.

The legend of the knights belonged to the Court; that of the Grail belonged to the Church. Finally a churchman, determined to excel anything the court-writers had put forth, united the two, and set the knights in search of the Holy Grail, as we find it in the poem.

TOOLS AND DRILL.

IN the matter of text-books and lesson-helps we are filling our Sunday-school arsenals with modern weapons of the most approved patterns. For drill in the use of these arms we are seeking counsel from the wisest teachers of the art of teaching. We are not ashamed to-day to challenge a comparison of our recently issued Manuals with any of the text-books of a corresponding grade that are used in secular schools. If our Sunday-school pupils are failing to get a comprehensive knowledge of the Bible, the fault is in themselves, and not with those who have provided them with lesson-helps. And if our faithful and earnest *corps* of teachers are lacking in efficiency, it is not for want of persistency in seeking the best methods, but rather from the lack of a sound common-sense philosophy of teaching-methods on the part of those who are the teachers of the teachers. But even in this direction a marked progress has begun. We have only to steer straight onward by the light we have, still seeking more and clearer light, and leaving all unsympathetic and unsuggestive critics to discourse their empty complaints to the unheeding air.

Teachers' Department.

HELPS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK OUTSIDE OF TEACHING.

Extracts from a Paper read at the Sunday-School Union Meeting of Dec. 21, 1885, by Miss Kate L. Brown.

"The most promising sign of new life in our denomination is the increased interest in Sunday-school work. . . . The children must be properly trained, if our noble name is to be continued into the future. . . . Sunday-school work naturally divides itself into two parts: first, the directly educative; second, the moral or spiritual appealing to and developing of the higher nature. In the past, too little stress has been laid upon the former. This, happily, is being remedied. . . . But it is the second part, the moral and spiritual side, which I wish to emphasize here. We cannot afford to let our young people leave us unimpressed. . . . Our denomination came into life as a protest against an extreme form of Calvinism. In the natural reaction have we not, in many respects, gone as far in the opposite direction? Must we not in all humility and earnestness take up these dropped stitches, and perhaps use methods that we have despised or cast aside as useless? I might as well confess that this paper has a secret title, which, if told, would be 'How to Keep our Young People Unitarians.' It is a sober fact that a certain per cent of our young people are leaving us; . . . and while acknowledging that all denominations have their mission, and that all people cannot be expected to think alike . . . let us not sit placidly down and with ignoble serenity see our dearest and best drift from us.

"The first requisite a teacher should have is, one might say, dual. It is, to be filled, consumed, with the sense of what the work means, and at the same time with a deep yearning love for the pupils as separate souls. . . . We must be more in earnest. We must shake off our indifference and spiritual laziness. Our children must feel that religion — right-doing — is a life and death matter; not only that, but that it is beautiful, natural, sympathetic, allied with all pure pleasures, and overflowing happiness, as well as with grandeur, solemnity, and thoughtfulness. So I would say first, *Be in earnest.* And second, *Be natural.* Impress upon the children that religion has to do with every day; just as much with play, lessons, and all home-life as with thinking, feeling, and aspiration. Speak of it naturally, in natural tones, . . . do not adopt a Sunday manner. . . . Next, *Be positive.* Our young people have gone from us unable to state why they were Unitarians. It is a shameful fact, but it is not a necessary one, for I know of no faith more blessedly positive than that which we love and profess. . . . Whatever we teach, let it be positive. There is nothing so soul-destroying as indifference, half-heartedness, and negation. . . . If we are to live and grow, we must both believe and do, experience and sacrifice. . . . Last, but not least, we must cultivate *reverence* in ourselves and pupils. It has always seemed to me a great pity that the Puritan churches in freeing themselves from the corruptions of the Church of England should have stripped themselves of all that is beautiful and uplifting. We must remember that the young person is reached, first of all, through the heart and emotions. . . . I hate and distrust formalism, and know as well as any one how vain the outward act is without the indwelling spirit. But in our horror of the one extreme, have we not, as Unitarians, gone just as far to the other? . . . We need a service which shall appeal to both heart and head. It is true that certain outward positions of body are, in the nature of things, conducive to reverence. I own that the bowing of the head in silent prayer on entering church or Sunday-school *may* degenerate into form, but may it not also be a blessed help? And since the spirit determines this, should we regard our typical, Congregational non-observance of all helpful forms as worthy

and safe in the dilemma? Our service, both of church and Sunday-school, should be liturgical. . . . And following this on, we may plainly see the natural, human reason why every thoughtful young person who is trying to do right and serve God should, by some simple rite, be received into Christ's visible church. . . . I do not believe that any denomination has the monopoly of any good thing. Neither do I believe that in adopting the good points we see in other bodies, we are necessarily abandoning our Unitarian position. . . . So, if you ask me what are the helps in Sunday-school and church work outside of regular instruction, I would repeat that it is our duty to adopt *all* methods and measures that will cultivate earnestness, directness, positiveness, and reverence."

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — No. 19. Courtesy. No. 20. Lowly Service.

Courtesy. The original meaning of this word would confine it to good manners *as such*, — to the civility which in former times was learned at court. But as a Christian duty, Courtesy is a form of service. By true heart-kindness, gentleness of manner, thoughtfulness for others in little things, we may do more to promote the happiness of those about us than we could accomplish by any great acts of generosity. The basis of this virtue is the dignity of human nature. What courtiers would do in the way of rendering gracious service to their superiors, that a Christian will do to all men, seeing that all men are princes of a divine family. If the teacher is acquainted with the biography of Abraham Lincoln, he can draw a forcible illustration of this lesson from Lincoln's life. As Lowell says of him: "Awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding."

Lowly Service. Service is the grand word in our modern preaching and teaching. He who "serves his generation" is the moral hero whom we all admire. But this closing Lesson in the Second Quarterly treats not of service in general, but of *lowly* service. Christianity has taught us the reverence of those who are below us, and its Founder illustrated in his own life the greatness of condescension. He also ennobled humble services, and showed how divine the lowliest action is when performed in the right spirit. American children to-day need to have this lesson enforced upon their minds. We live in an age of comparative luxury. Menial tasks are apt to be despised, and such service as Jesus rendered when he washed his disciples' dust-soiled feet is often looked upon by the young of to-day as merely sentimental, if not actually a sign of weakness. Let the teacher bring home to the hearts of his pupils the beauty of the Master's example and the nobleness of every lowly labor that is prompted by love.

IT was a quaint fancy of certain early modern philosophers, to think of the child's mind as if it were a clear tablet, as yet untouched by the stylus of the writer. We smile now at the use of such language in the name of philosophy; but we need not forget that there is a truth beneath the figure, after all. How many things, never to be effaced, are written upon the white tablet of the child's mind by mother and teacher, before the child is seven years old! Much of what is written in after years upon that tablet will be as that which is written upon the shifting sand; but these first writings will never be wholly obliterated. How important, then, is it, that mother and teacher should see that the pure white tablet be covered, in these early years, with God's teachings for human life; that all the empty space be filled with lessons of love, faith, and purity!

Our Question-Box.

SPECIAL NOTE. — The Editor is happy to announce that beginning with the next number of the paper the *Question-Box* will be conducted by Rev. E. A. HORTON, President of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Mr. Horton is not only thoroughly conversant with Sunday-school matters, but is also master of the art of putting things. He will be sure to stimulate thought and suggest methods of work. Now let our teachers send in their inquiries on the topics that most interest them in their labors.

What can a Sunday-school do to aid the Sunday-School Society?

The Sunday-School Society looks to the churches for support. Every parish receives through its Sunday-school aid and encouragement and inspiration from the labors of the Society, and has also an opportunity to use the Society as an agent for doing good missionary work. The least that any Unitarian parish can do for the general educational interests of the denomination is to send an annual contribution to the Sunday-School Society; and the best way in which teachers and superintendents can aid the Society is to make sure that this contribution is raised every year. But some of our schools have been in the habit of *supplementing* the donation from the church by a special contribution of their own, and the Directors of the Society would welcome more of such contributions. Many schools might easily raise *ten dollars* to make the superintendent or one of the teachers a Life-member of the Society. Then, too, the children might give a portion of their penny collections to help the Society carry on its missionary work, — such as giving away EVERY OTHER SUNDAY to poor children and feeble Sunday-schools, and furnishing text-books, library books, and sometimes money to schools that need assistance. By this means our Sunday-school children would be educated in helping to support institutions that minister to the moral and religious wants of others, and be taught in a practical way that there is a hunger of the mind and soul for truth which calls for benevolence as much as does the hunger of the body for food.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

ONE of the most vigorous of our Sunday Schools is that connected with the Hopedale (Mass.) parish, of which Mrs. Charles Colburn is superintendent. There are over a hundred pupils in the school, divided into fifteen classes. Something like the graded system is followed, the theory being to suit the text-books to classes and ages. The library is made much of, and a large number of its books are in constant circulation. The Teachers' Class meets once a fortnight, and is engaged this winter in the study of Christian history. The Bible Class is studying the excellent manual by Professor C. C. Everett, "Religions before Christianity." Once a month the pastor preaches a Sunday evening discourse on some topic connected with the studies of the Teachers' Class. Altogether the Hopedale School would seem to be well organized, well conducted, and thoroughly alive to its privileges and its opportunities.

THERE is one element of power in the teacher's work which cannot be ignored, and that is love, — that love which makes plain things beautiful, which overlooks defects, which sees in every child the possibilities of something good and helpful to society; that labors unselfishly, not for the visible reward, but for that reward which comes from a knowledge of the fact that we are helping to lift souls into a higher and better life, bringing them out of darkness into light, and leading them from the unlovely into the lovely. — *Selected.*

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

BITS OF TALK IN VERSE AND PROSE FOR YOUNG FOLKS. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 244. Price, $1.00.

"H. H." is always entertaining, whether she writes for the young or old; and now that we shall have no more from her pen, this reprint will be doubly welcome. The stories in prose are excellent. The little poems are not her best efforts in that line, but they tell their stories simply enough to interest the children for whom they are written.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

THOSE DREADFUL MOUSE BOYS. A Double Story for Young and Old. By Ariel. With original illustrations by Frances Perry. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 262. Price, $1.00.

THE author of this book has chosen a very appropriate *nom de plume*. If that "tricksy sprite" were to take the fancy of writing a book, he might perhaps write such an one as this, giving sly hits at the foolishnesses of us human creatures, and preaching small sermons under cover of a fairy tale. The style is good. The book ends rather unexpectedly, and one would like to be told more, which is perhaps the best thing we can ever say of a story.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and members of Adult Classes.

VIEWS OF RELIGION. By Theodore Parker. With an Introduction by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 450. Price, $1.00.

IN making this book the American Unitarian Association has done a good work. It has added another noble volume to the literature of the Liberal Faith. We heartily recommend it to the attention of teachers of the older classes in our Sunday-schools. Page after page may be selected, to the reading of which young men especially will listen with responsive hearts and with stimulated desires for the manly piety which the book so beautifully depicts and powerfully enforces.

Y.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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